

caliber

COMPOSITION BOOK

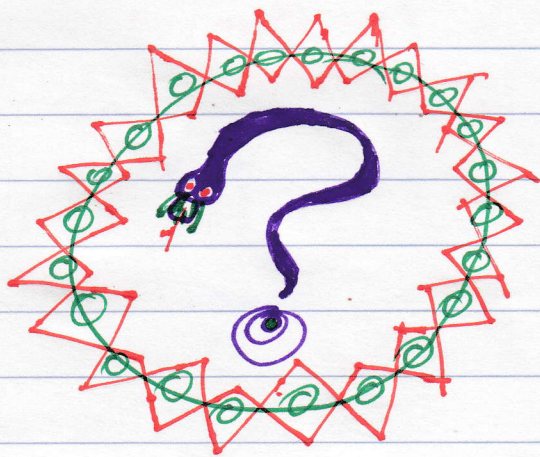
SCRIBBLING MADNESS

BOOK 2

SUMMER 2011

**Wide Ruled
100 Sheets**

9.75 in x 7.5 in (24.8 cm x 19 cm)



Scribbling Madness: Book Two

Summer 2011

2011.07.01

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Even staying so focused, it will be a tough month, but nothing as miserable as I experienced out in Federal Way, WA.

Now, construct the quadratic equation from scratch by completing the square.

$$ax^2 + bx + c = 0$$

$$\frac{a}{a}x^2 + \frac{b}{a}x + \frac{c}{a} = 0$$

$$x^2 + \frac{b}{a}x + \frac{c}{a} = 0$$

$$x^2 + \frac{b}{a}x = -\frac{c}{a}$$

Now, halve and square the "middle" coefficient $\frac{b}{a}$ and add this to both sides.

$$x^2 + \frac{b}{a}x + \left(\frac{b}{2a}\right)^2 = -\frac{c}{a} + \left(\frac{b}{2a}\right)^2$$

perfect square

$$\left(x^2 + \frac{b}{a}x + \frac{b^2}{4a^2}\right) = \frac{b^2}{4a^2} - \frac{c}{a}$$

$$\left(x + \frac{b}{2a}\right)^2 = \frac{b^2}{4a^2} - \frac{4ac}{4a^2}$$

$$\left(x + \frac{b}{2a}\right)^2 = \frac{b^2}{4a^2} - \frac{4ac}{4a^2}$$

Take the square root of each side of the equation.

$$x + \frac{b}{2a} = \pm \sqrt{\frac{b^2 - 4ac}{4a^2}}$$

$$x = -\frac{b}{2a} \pm \frac{\sqrt{b^2 - 4ac}}{2a}$$

$$x = \frac{-b \pm \sqrt{b^2 - 4ac}}{2a}$$

example: $3x^2 - 10x - 48 = 0$

$$x^2 - \frac{10}{3}x - 16 = 0$$

$$x^2 - \frac{10}{3}x = 16$$

$$x^2 - \frac{10}{3}x + \left(\frac{10}{6}\right)^2 = 16 + \left(\frac{10}{6}\right)^2$$

$$x^2 - \frac{10}{3}x + \frac{100}{36} = 16 + \frac{100}{36}$$

$$x^2 - \frac{10}{3}x + \frac{25}{9} = 16 + \frac{25}{9}$$

perfect square

basic arithmetic: finding common denominator 5

$$\left(x - \frac{5}{3}\right)^2 = \frac{144}{9} + \frac{25}{9}$$

$$\left(x - \frac{5}{3}\right)^2 = \frac{169}{9}$$

$$x - \frac{5}{3} = \pm \frac{\sqrt{169}}{\sqrt{9}}$$

$$x = \frac{5}{3} \pm \frac{\sqrt{169}}{3}$$

$$x = \frac{5 \pm \sqrt{169}}{3}$$



X

The month only lasts about 3 hours then it's back to destitution. Can I get a 6-pack of German beer (LÖWENBRÄU), and "cheap" (inexpensive) pair of cool-ass sneakers? Yes, I can — just make sure to pay the rent, pills, and fines before drinking the Löwenbräu!

I inquired about the cost of checks. They said, "Well, we get them from a high-end dealer. They are \$30.00."

2011.07.09



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I completed the intrusive forms sent to me by the State Department of Labor. It took a few hours. I responded to the questions in my St. Ignatius Reilly fashion - boldly and confidently (with a Fort Buster Warrior attitude). I dropped in the mailbox. Monday I will call inquiring about the "Third Party" form. As stated, I nobody knows me well enough to fill the form out accurately.

My mother contacted me. She is suffering side-effects of the medical procedure she endured and is back in hospital. I had expressed my alarm that she was having the surgery. She had accused me of being negative, but now she admits my intuition was on point. I offered to come stay with her when she leaves the hospital, to cook meals (using her recipes, of course), to drive her (with her car) where she needs to go (I have driver's license and eye glasses). I have my tobacco. I would bring notebooks and some work... She'll sleep for it.

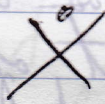


10 July 2011 Sunday

From July 2007:

I was one with the ocean
Then one with the storm
~~I don't follow~~
My heart is my master
I don't follow the norm

(add to
lines
from
p. 13)



Mom will have "minor surgery" done tomorrow where doctors will attempt to remove the blood clot beneath the surface of her skin. She will be in hospital until Tuesday.

Presently she is on percocet for pain, and is very nauseous (from pain killers), and is not eating.

Poor girl is having a rough time. This makes me feel ashamed for taking out my aggression on her.

NOTE: Shalonda's birthday is July 25th. She'll be 34. She is only 10 years younger than me. Paula is 42. Jenna appeared to be 24.

2007
- 30
1977

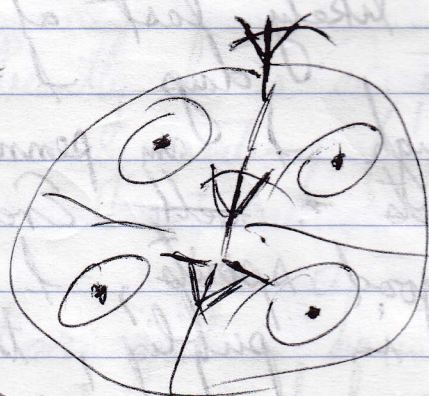
Σ "The Devil" ?
Σ worshipping
the devil → "The Old Gods"

TEMPLE
OF THE
TREE

An excerpt from H-75 p. 85 that I had stored in H-100²⁰⁰³ speaks volumes to me still in 2011:²⁰⁰⁷

"The violent, impersonal sexual appetite of the male becomes dangerous if subjected to frustration. The fierceness of the desire may turn to resentment against women."

I think that the sheer quantity of beautiful Mexican/Chicana prototypes walking around Freehold exacerbates my frustrations; hence, masturbation becomes even more therapeutic than ever.



The sacred tree behind bus station in Freehold has become a very precious SANCTUARY to me. I created some kind of "temple."

333
TEMPLE OF THE TREE

Here is a "note" from H-100 taken from the book Disillusionment that really hits the bull's eye:

"The fight of Alcoholics Anonymous against alcoholism is an archetypal retelling of the 2,000 year struggle of Christianity over the pagan gods, which resulted in their eventual demonization (and now, diseasification)."

"Every state of drunkenness is a pagan polytheistic state."

"Drinking and drug-taking can be re-imagined archetypally as being activities under the influence of the gods ("the Devil")."

"Every AA meeting held has the effect of pulling political energy out of the population — making people think

333
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Another gem from mind treasure notebook H-100,
this one defining phenomenology:

"When we pay attention to the way the mind works, to our feelings and perceptions, we are contemplating on the process of experiencing reality itself. This is phenomenology."

Gortbusters were/are phenomenologists. They understand that all we know or even feel has been processed through our sensory apparatus — imagined, intended.

feelings, emotion, sensation, intuition →
all perceptions, all imagined
representations of raw experience
of an organism-in-environment.

Perception is NOT reality. Perception is
imagined approximation of WHAT IS.
Perception is our ~~imagined~~ imagination's
construction of its lived experience.



11 July 2011 Monday

Bertrand Russell had once stated that writing a diary was a morbid activity.

morbid → unhealthy mental state: gloomy, sensitive, extreme...

Fortunately my research into the work of John Taylor Gatto confirms that writing a diary has many advantages which enabled the diarist to be intimately aware of inner transformations long before others are aware of them. This gives the diarist emotional/mental independence liberating her/him from those who would tyrannize or try to fill them with doubt. In other words, the diarist's main source of power, strength and emotional support is within herself/himself.

Going through diaries written in Matawan has intensified my memories of those couple years, and I do plan to forge ahead into the post-Matawan years minus to.

journals I gave to my nephew.

From the sound of my nephew's voice on the phone, it appears to have been very worthwhile giving him about 20 of my diaries.

Perhaps giving him access to my intimate diary material has brought us closer. Even I his wife, Robin, must have a more intimate understanding of my sensitive mind having gone through them with him.

My diaries are more literature than even classics by Dostoevsky, for, while Dostoevsky created Myshkin (The Idiot), perhaps were he to have written about his own personal drama (gambling debts), this would have had greater philosophical and psychological value.

There are women who will refuse to be with a man they truly love if they ~~are~~ know themselves to hurt & abuse, and use men. Insight → Shabonda may not want to "get with me" precisely because she is in love with me! This is Radical Phenomenological Psychoanalysis.

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But I did not pick up the pen ~~the~~
immediately upon awakening to get
into the dynamics of unrequited love.
Nor did I intend to zoom in
on my spiritual/emotional BOND
with my nephew Joseph (Yusef).

I awoke wanting to note a passage
from H-100 about "Homeward Bound"
before I start going through H-101.
I searched frantically for what
I want to "RE-NOTE" and I
have found it.

*

People I encounter are either shocked
or resentful that I receive rental
assistance (section 8). They always
want to know how they
hell I got section 8. I've been
accused - by Gail's mother Lollie
back in 2006 - of receiving it
"because I am 'white'."

~~Of course~~ Lollie, a resentful old Negro
had a sort of hatred for me which
is an example of what Dr. Martin Luther King

and Professor Michael Eric Dyson mean when they say that institutional racism begins to harm the very people who look like the people who want to be in charge.

We are individual phenomenon - each of us. We cannot be so simplistically categorized.

Anyway, now I have a better response than just, "Homeward Bound, 2005." By the way, I will note here that this constitutes a "V Session" since I am ~~acting~~ performing archeology on my own "literature."

V → the ghost of Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

Now, in the summer of 2007 I had done research on the agency that was subsidizing my rent at the time. Since then I have been switched to the legit Federal program.

Homeward Bound was ~~for~~ a ~~committee~~ committee that ~~focused~~ consisting of several representatives from several branches

of the local (Monmouth NJ) county government - as well as various "day program psychiatric treatment centers."

When I was being evicted from ~~my~~ the apartment in Matkwant, this committee strongly suggested that I renew my "participation" in "outpatient treatment" and follow all "treatment recommendations."

This is a language of domination. These were commands, orders, not mere recommendations. Ours is a culture of control.

"Addiction Services" →

Homeward Bound consisted of representatives from ^{the} Monmouth County Mental Health Board, MC Public Housing Agency, CPC Behavioral Healthcare (Aberdeen), Jersey Shore University Medical Center (Neptune - associated with Park Place in Asbury Park), Visiting Nurse Association (Central NJ), Gateway Day Treatment Program, MC Division of Social Services (Freehold - Kosloski Road), Guiding Light Day Treatment Program.

At the time, Homeward Bound had 45 clients (participants, applicants, "subjects"). Their objective was to give us stable housing with the requirement that we participate in "treatment" (what I refer to as DAY JAIL).

One quote from the research, I did stands out: "Considering the volatile nature of the program's participants..."

volatile → tending or threatening to break out into open violence, explosive

The archaic definition: able or accustomed to fly, as winged creatures [!!!]
 Latin volare → "to fly"

We 45 had proven to be the most "difficult to 'serve'."

"The driving need behind the Homeward Bound program is the lack of affordable housing for the chronically homeless population and the documented FAILURE of the

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client, to SUCCEED in 'traditional' mental health, substance abuse, and social service programs."

(I wish to note here that I just experienced a powerful memory of a client at CPC who had told me I was their leader, and along with this memory an image of the chimpanzee from the not yet released Hollywood film "Rise of the Apes." So, how deep does the rabbit hole go? Am I such a chimpanzee? Am I a potential spiritual leader who just might inspire/trigger such an inspiring where we ourselves (the general population of disenfranchised serfs/peasants) are the "apes.")

The question is rhetorical, of course.

Even in H-100, my own personal comment after the excerpts is "Welcome to the planet of the Apes REVISITED" [!!!]

Now, here is the central excerpt from my 2007 research that I ~~am~~ wanted to note especially:

"This is a difficult population to serve; the patterns of substance abuse, discontinuance from medication, and withdrawal from treatment usually leads to aberrant behavior. As a result, many persons with mental illness are currently placed in a correctional institution."

This is the language of domination and control!

aberrant → "① straying from the right, normal, or usual course."

② "deviating from the ordinary, normal, or usual type; exceptional, abnormal"

Those who "deviate from the norm" make the zoo-keepers nervous ???

The Taker Prison. The zoo-keepers think there is only one right way to live. Their way. The zoo-keepers are GORTS. *

PA
2011.07.16



My mother is bearing witness to my culinary skills, my cleaning skills, and I am keeping first hand what ~~a~~ thankless, tiring work it is to be a "care-taker." Preparing meals ^{for}, cleaning up ^{after}, transporting "dependents." All those "housekeepers," wives, daughters, and others who slave over others for food, shelter, or even out of sheer compassion.

I am tired, but my mother sincerely appreciates my presence - she never ceases complimenting me on my cooking skills.

I actually believe I would be a worthy life-partner to a woman like Paula were it not for my explosively WILD WAYS.

I am so going to appreciate just going with the flow caring for my own needs ... drinking beer, singing and dancing by my stereo!

Next month I will look for a cassette recorder to record my voice.



27 July 2011

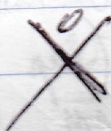
"I woke up this mornin' and I got myself a beer. The future's uncertain and the end is always near."
~ Jim Morrison

Even though today is the day I bring my mom into Manhattan (to New York University) for a consultation with Dr. Halfway, I rise at 4AM. I actually would prefer to sleep until around 8AM so as to be well-rested for the drive. This will be my first time driving into Manhattan. I am 44 years old. I had put 2 beers in the fridge just in case I woke in the middle of the night, to put myself back to sleep. Well, I am going to put myself back to sleep.

On Friday I plan on returning to Freehold, drinking 3 quarts of Natural Ice, and cranking up the music at 100°F. The USA is in the midst of a deadly heat wave.

HALLOWEEN IN AUGUST

How long has my heart been so heavy?
It feels like a life time. I know what
Wilhelm Reich meant when he wrote about
"the emotional plague." I see a great
deal of hatred and petty nastiness in
humanity - like in the book, 'Journey
to the End of the Night'.



Do I only write when I am experiencing
psychological pain? What a horrid
life turns out to be. I am
beginning to feel great anxiety about my
mother's upcoming open heart
surgery. Writing about this seems
to alleviate some of the pain.
Would medication help me?

No. I've tried that. It seems to
be a farce. I don't think there is
a cure for this "condition of the heart."

20

2011.07.29

{ 2 }

T2NANA VI WEEKLY LALI

Isn't my gripe with the mental health industry rooted in my contempt for those of who have bad faith in psychiatry. A pack of lies.

I find life to be very unpleasant.

X

I was finally able to return to sleep by around 5AM... (up from 3AM)... rising now at almost 9AM with images of some local people... a few Black guys who always are kind to me. I so appreciate it.

X

Evidently, a couple nights ago, when I was blaring my Halloween tape from my receiver, I blew some component! Now I can't use the huge system to blare music. I guess I'll keep my eyes peeled for a receiver at some thrift store...

Note: While browsing the discount rack at Barnes & Noble, I spotted a couple good little texts for about \$7 each, one on CRITICAL THEORY, the other on POSTMODERNISM. I may return there before Wednesday to make my decision.

While I am certainly not prepared for my mother's death on Thursday (8/14), it surely is on my mind. I will be over so honored to care for her in her recovery, even if for an entire month. I will surely let Park Place in Ashbury Park know what my current life situation is and how "proud" I am of my virtuous actions.

Also from H₁₀₈: "The modern subject is a humanist fiction integral to the operations of a carceral society that everywhere disciplines and trains its subjects for labor and conformity."

"Subjectivity is nothing but a construct of domination."



1 August 2011 Monday

Standing up to the mental health industry by refusing to have "bad faith" that my mental health is their goal, by exposing them for what they are, by refusing to be pacified with medication or 12 Step mumbo jumbo has had a great effect on my confidence.

My spirit power is becoming stronger.

I refuse to become an obedient docile toy for the gorts to play with. No. I am just doing my time to get through it.

As Emile Cioran stated clearly and concisely, "Chaos is being yourself."

I am a political energy field. I am a THINKER, a PHILOSOPHER-IN-THE-FLESH, much more like John the Baptist, Jesus of Nazareth, Francis Boreventure, the Buddha, or other "spiritual leaders" than the petty-mope god-fearing ~~and~~ materialistic assholes who flood the churches, mosques, & synagogues.

{ 6 }

THEORETICIAN OF AUTHENTICITY

6 August 2011 Sat.

Now that Park Place is just a memory, I realize that each of us deals with the artificial authorities on our own as individual creatures each with our own intellects and personality.

The staff has encountered E. Mike Hentrich 3. I'm tired of drinking beer. I drank a couple shots of Tequila last night.

I got a call from my mother from the hospital. She is in pain from the open heart surgery. Her hands are swollen for some reason - so bad that she can't dial phone or turn pages of a book. She is in need of physical therapy for rehabilitation.

X

Laziness is my guide today. I am tempted to lay down on blankets on the floor and just stare into "inner space". I wonder how my mother is holding up.

She is not doing well even though the doctor claims all is well. She sounds afraid. Her hands are swollen ... she can't feed herself. Poor old girl. I will be relieved to be taking care of her in her own domicile, but presently she is in intensive care where she needs to be. My main concern is avoiding trouble so that I will be available to assist her during her recovery from this surgery.

It is interesting that I don't really want to drink the 40 ounce Ballantine purchased. Could it be my stomach in revolt? What about my mood? Am I afraid that the beer will prevent me from being able to study THEORY?

Am I bored with my collection of music?

Am I bored with the radio?

Am I ~~to~~ bored with beer?

Am I bored with the apparent lack of purpose to our suffering existence?

I sense inner transformations occurring, such as recognizing this animal body I - my true self I - I moves its own I bawls. I Isn't Being just one long bowel movement that we EXPERIENCE, I that we have been **THROWN INTO**?

It is quite a predicament to find oneself alive on the surface of a planet in a vast mysterious cosmos. I guess I will experience severe anxiety until I am able to care for my I mother.

I would like to be "care-free" but reality is what remains even when trying to ignore it. Reality will not leave us be! My body seems repulsed by the beer today. I really feel the NAUSIA of Being I today. I wish I would evaporate.

PS1
X
After laying down for another couple hours,
I get up and eat 2 hot dogs.
A luxury item these days? Still, feeling
clammy and drinking beer with great
indifference.

Maybe, if I can get the beer down, my
body may feel better. Either that or
it will make my body feel even sicker.
Did I get some kind of food poisoning or
are these effects of anxiety I over
my mother's suffering?

At least I am aware that ANXIETY
is the general universal condition of being.
The basic mood of us all is one
of continuous ~~an~~ anxiety.

X
I am not fighting the unpleasantness.
By this, I mean, I am not
going to pretend this is happiness or
serenity. What I am feeling is
angst. Have I gotten used to DESPAIR?



I actually am looking forward to taking care of my mother when she is released from hospital. When I feed my mother, I also feed myself. Also, I spend so many lonesome days as it is, — and I am growing tired of the side-effects of drinking alcohol — like problems with stomach as well as insomnia.

I live healthier when caring for my mother. I genuinely want to stay with her for a few weeks. I don't care about my "routine" I'm already tired of this town again. My purpose will be to care for my mother.

And now I wait for her to heal in the hospital. She says she may be ready to return home within a couple weeks. I am thinking by August 15th.

Note: Dad's birthday 8/11, this coming Thursday.

X

All day I have not felt "well." I'm nursing a small bottle of Mad Dog 20/20 very slowly — and I plan on dropping a couple of Advil PMs as a sleep aid.

I wonder if I am anxious over my mother's suffering in the hospital. I feel helpless as I can't help her.

My mother's spirit is sinking. Now, more than ever, I am determined to give her all the help I can muster.

I slip into quite a depression, and get sometimes depression is conducive to philosophical reflection. I may swallow the sleeping capsules now — 10PM — so as to doze off before midnight and get some relief from the penal colony of existence. Like Martin Dugan of Steve Toltz's A Fraction of the Whole, I am HIDING.

I long for sleep... What is this awareness of me that I think of as "I"? Isn't it psychologically liberating to embrace UNCERTAINTY?

2011.08.08

What is "the living novel?"

I'm not writing a novel. I'm just living a story.

I jot things down for me, to get a grip on the chaos that is reality.

May I be OVERSTIMULATED by the film. I've been waiting.

Many see me as a madman.

I see the county jail guards, the judges, and the institutions, and I see Planet of the Apes, where just who is who or what is what is not clear.

What is clear is that I am "Pink Floyd" - the lad who wrote mysterious scribbles.

Nothing need be done. I cannot be a slave to ~~the~~ consciousness ordering me about. "I" want to merge with Deeper Being... the one who hides things or gets.

~~80~~ 3

9 Aug Tues.

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After walking through the bus station 6-12,
and Main Street in Downtown Freehold,
I sit up here in my apartment with a
"dead" phone.

I can't call Mom.
I can't call B.

I did see LG jr while coming out of
One Way liquor store - I very
significant. I forgive and I am
getting along better than ever
as I sure I can sympathize with
his plight.



10 August 2011 Wednesday

My phone died when I was walking in
the rain. I can send my sister email
so that she might inform my mother.
I can also contact Reachout Wireless to
see about a replacement phone.



There is great "unrest" in the United Kingdom over
Riots ... Institutional Racism is being challenged.



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13 August 2011 Sat.

Is it actually a relief to be penniless?
If so, it is only because I have enough
tobacco, eggs, and bread. If so, it is
because this will give my body/brain a
break from alcoholic oblivion. I've
been drinking much E&J Brandy lately.

My sister came by yesterday to let me
call Mom with her phone. I will
walk to my sister's by 11AM on Tuesday
8/16, pick up the Volkswagen Beetle,
and drive to Tinton Falls to visit Mom
at the hospital.

She is to be released next Saturday
the 20th. I guess I'll be going to
Leisure Village a day early so that
I can vacuum rugs, clean cat litter,
etc in preparation for her release
from the hospital. I'll also do
some laundry to get it out of the
way. Food will have to be
discarded as well - from refrigerator.

Is it true that a little sadness at night is conducive to sleep? I truly have reached a point where I know I'm not missing anything by detaching from society. My inner life is rich. I enjoy hours of deep thought and reflection.

Even though I napped the afternoon away, now I am sleepy. I want to walk around and feel the night air, but a deeper part of me just wants to hide and isolate as an animal in a cave, to curl up and sleep like a snake under a rock. Sleep is a little taste of death.

It is amazing how life renews me.

I still haven't read Joe Bore's book. Maybe I'll check it out tomorrow just out of respect to Joe Bore. I'm just not really into FANTASY NOVELS and searches for GOLD.



I slept fine in the floor listening to the rain coming down all night. Upon awakening I go through my ritual: hot & bath while drinking coffee.

I then eat Cream of Wheat, clear my throat and start singing to my Boom Box until I am amped up enough for my WALK-ABOUT.

First I walk in my poncho, then in T-shirt, until I finally decide to wear my "black hoody." I trek down the railroad tracks, walking through water up to my knees. I

singing and whistling and talking to myself. I walk down Waterworks Road passed the County Jail, spotting three deer near the edge of the woods.

I proceed carefully down Waterworks I trek through Schibanoff Road passed my sister's house, but I don't stop in. I keep walking.

I make my way down Route 9 until I get to Throckmorton Street and

proceed to walk and sing my way
back toward town, spotting
beautiful little yellow birds along
the way.

When I pass the fallen pine trees,
I cursed aloud, "God damn
them! The fuckers just won't leave
the few remaining alone."

I sing lines from my song/poem,
The Mall & The Muster gone!

"I killed 3,000 men
to save 1 tree
They hid in the woods
like a wild chimpanzee."

Upon returning around 11:30 AM I gorge
on 3 fried eggs mixed with buttered
rice. What I can't finish I save
like the cool jail bird I AM.

After listening to Queen's MADE IN
HEAVEN I am prepared to wander
back outdoors. Look out Freehold!
HENTRICH IS ON FIRE.

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X^o

I think I may do a little work on the Internet at the library before seeing if Ed Henderson needs bathrooms cleaned! My reasoning? I may be tempted to purchase a 12-pack of Natural Ice. I don't want to get into the habit of drinking Brandy and Vodka.

My Presence as a Being is quite real. While many seek to be "gainfully employed," I have my own lifestyle which would be disrupted were I enslaved.

I'm a slave in insurrection mode.

I am no longer intimidated by the mob, by all the law-abiding God-fearing assholes who would have me perceive myself as a "loser." It must really piss them off that I continue to SHINE as the CRAZY DIAMOND that I am!



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16 August 2011 Tues.

I awaken very early thinking it is the middle of the night. I speak out loud my rage against this stupid world.

I continue to curse the "300 pound pussies in their pick-up trucks."

Scorn is the first victory over this world; detachment is the final victory.

Still a little "buzzed" from all the beer and brandy I drank yesterday.

I used all the cash I got from Ed Henderson ^{SR} yesterday because I did not want to be tempted to drink this morning. I am to finally see my mother today.

I haven't seen her since July 23rd? Is this true? Before going to the library this morning, I may go over my notes. I am going to embrace my emotions today and allow myself to feel my Great Love for my mother!

2011.08.17

Do I want to continue to write about such things as my bowel movements, the food I consume, my moods, and orgasms?

And why not? Today I ate well, I "lived I well" even as I am penniless. The Open Door food bank has been nurturing my body on a regular basis. I have been utilizing the food bank and the soup kitchen. The days when I have no money whatsoever for beer or brandy can I be blissful.

This is my "art". The mundane day-to-day patterns, the details of my daily life are reality for me.

As I had been tossing and turning until 4AM last night, and I rose by 7:30AM anyway this morning, by 3:30PM this afternoon I lay upon the floor and slept like a CAT. Rising now at 6:30 PM, I turn on WBAI to listen to Al Jazeera English.

while drinking a strong cup of coffee.

When I go to Lakewood/Brick to care for my recovering mother, I will bring my Espresso machine (which I got for free at the Thrift store in Freehold). This way, I can prepare my coffee separately. The morning ritual will be smoother this way. I can get my mom's coffee pot set up where she simply has to plug the pot in when she is ready.


Amazingly, I find I am really looking forward to taking care of my mother. The heat is oppressive, and while I have suffered well, I am sure to appreciate remaining cool in the air-conditioning while I serve my mother. It is what it is.

There are projects I can work on while "stuck" in Leisure Village: going through flash-drives, going through my notes I written last summer in jail,

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studying Spanish, researching literary
theory and postmodernism, I basically
I enjoying hours of scholarly activity
while I NOT inebriated.

I will return Barbara Ehrenreich book
on Friday as I am to go to Lakewood
Saturday morning to clean my mother's
house in preparation for her
return (around 1 PM).

This time I will not "miss" my
loud stereo system as my receiver is
pretty much dead in the water.
I overloaded it with the
Halloween tape! Actually, this is
a good thing.

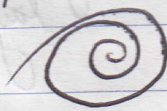
Should I write a short letter to my
neighbor requesting they collect my mail?
I would have to write the note in
Spanish. Actually, it is better if my
sister comes by after she goes to
mass at St. Rose of Lima --- 

I can actually see the **Living Novel** unfold.
 Mom and I are closer **than ever**, and
 I have matured emotionally, spiritually,
 intellectually (psychologically).

Has Mom developed a more profound respect
 for my **deep love** for her?

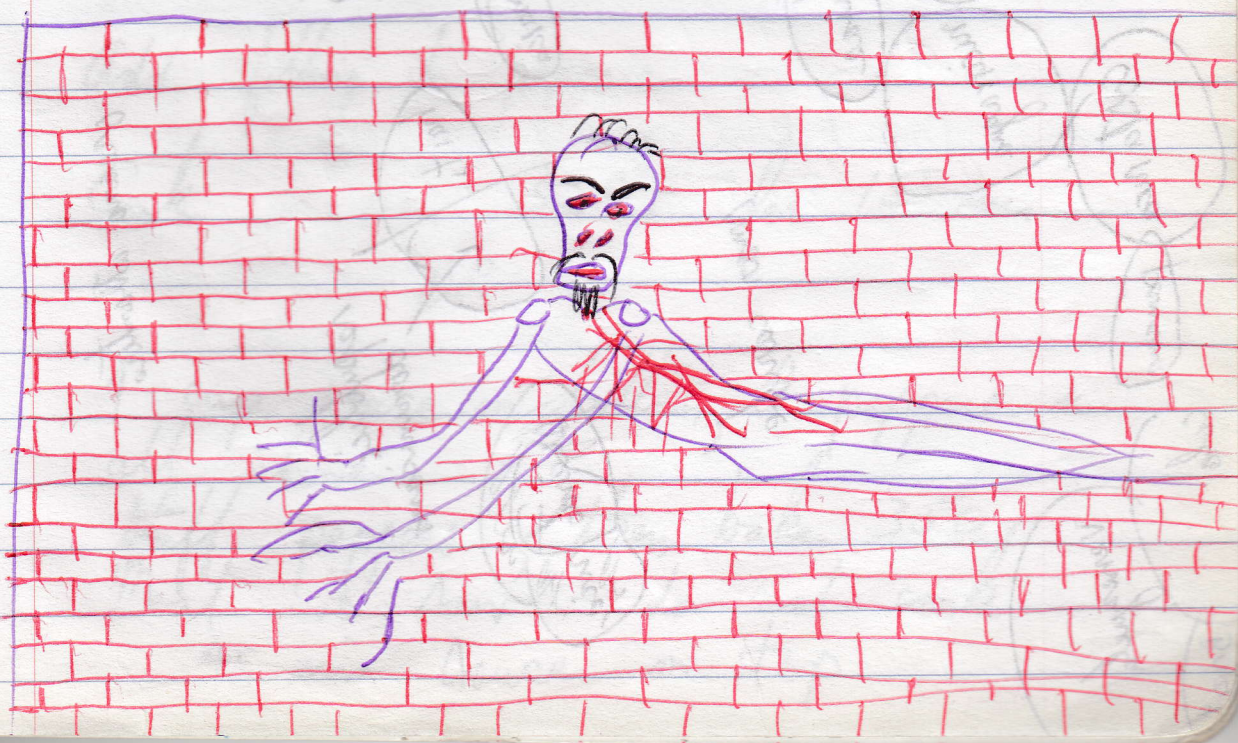
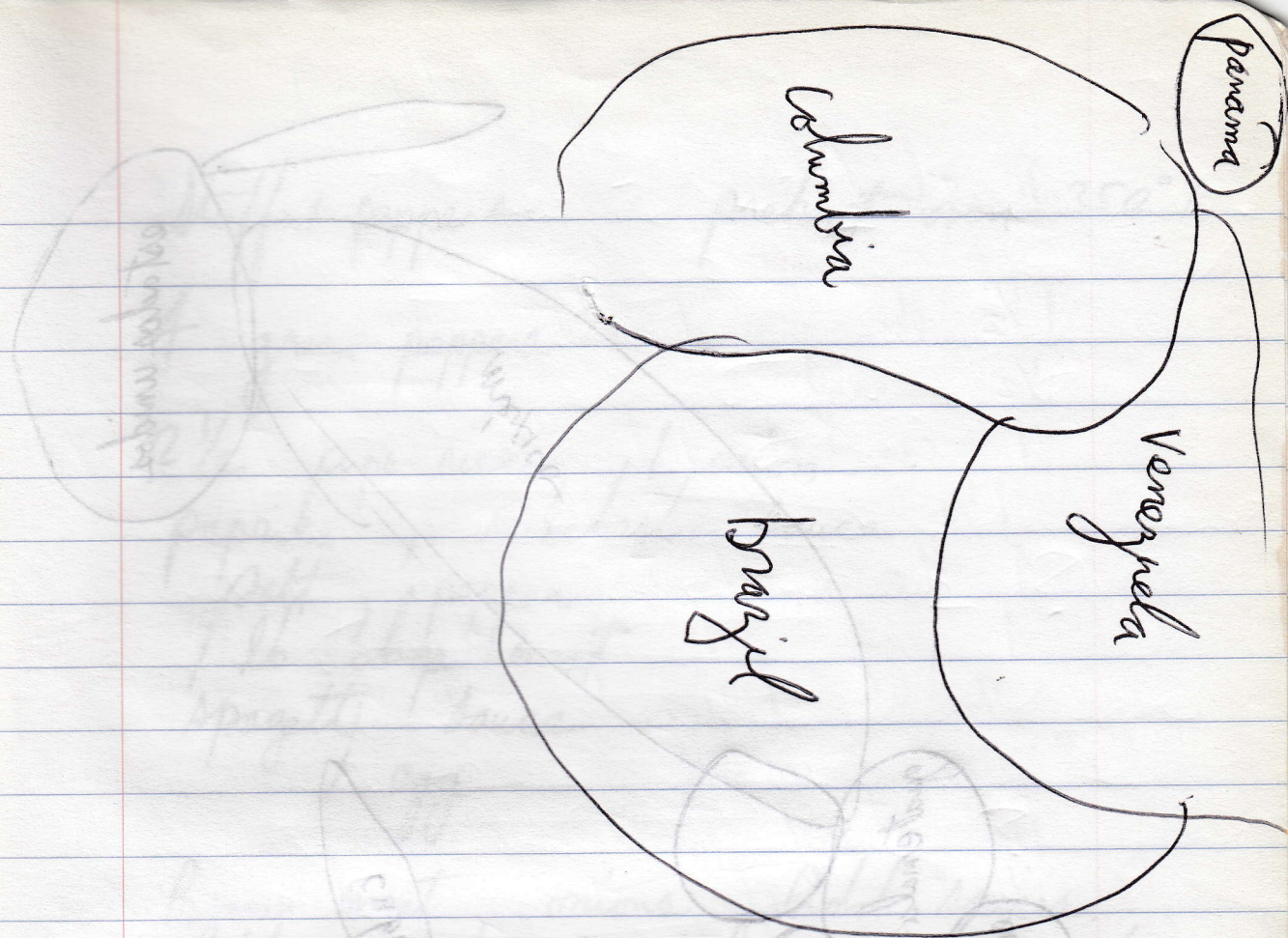
Will the sacred manner in which I serve
 and care for my biological mother be
 felt by **Universal Woman**?

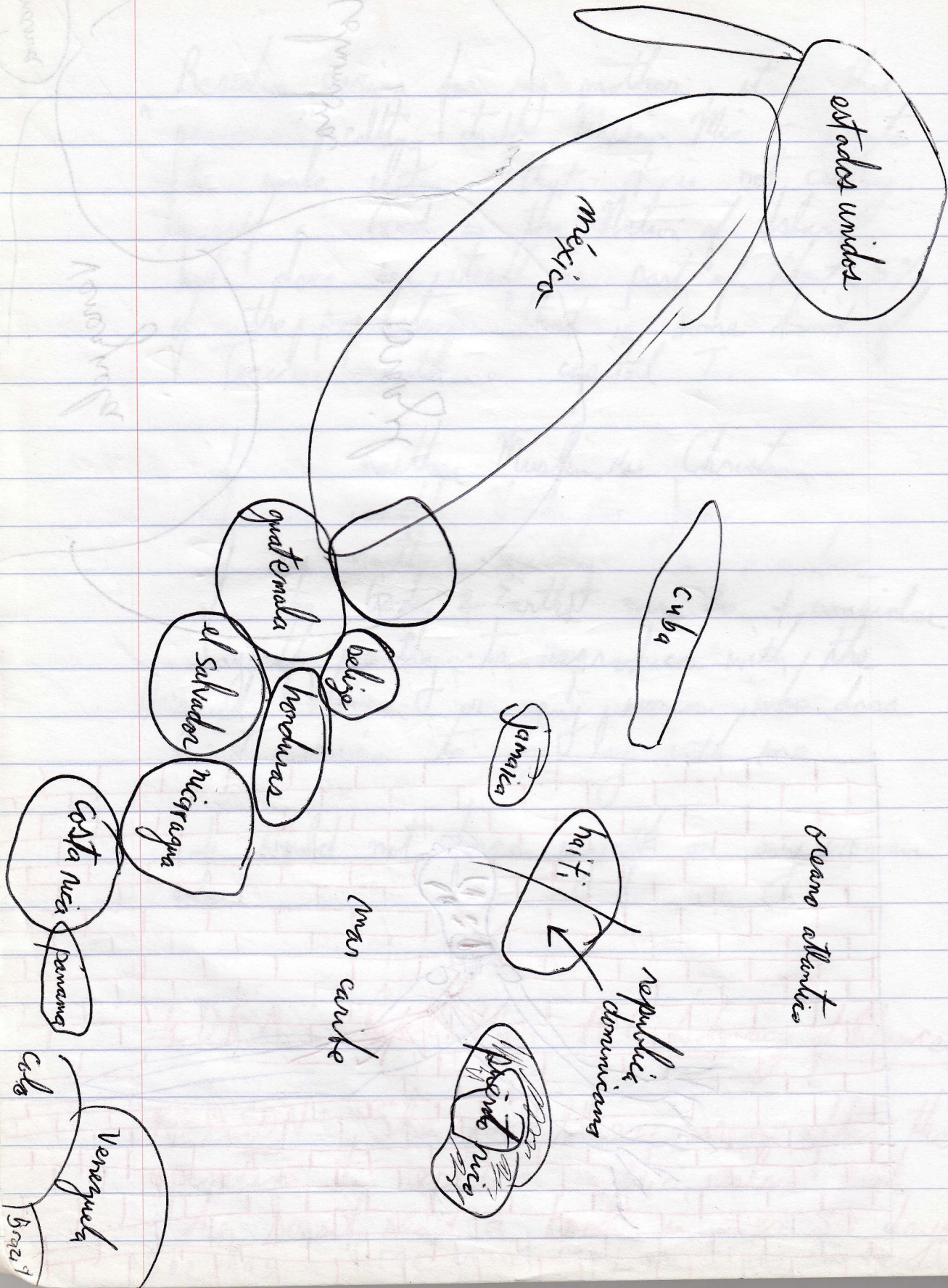
I mean, will prospective mates intuit my
 emotional depth, my passion, my courage?



21 August 2011 Sunday

The first morning waking hope to Mom waking me
 up at 5AM I begging for pancakes. I am
 a little grumpy and grumpy, even irritated
 that I have to smoke outside - to
 be totally honest. My mom needs me for
 everything, but I need ME too. There is
 this creature who smokes tobacco and
 scribbles. It is used to following its bliss.





(special pan)

Meatloaf

1 1/2 lbs. ground meat

1/2 sausage

1 can stewed tomatoes

1 1/2 c. croutons

1 tbs worchester sauce

1 egg, 1 tsp thyme

1/2 ketchup

Put stewed tomatoes in saucepan

Heat. Beat in 1 egg, 1 1/2 cup croutons

Mix Worcester & onions,

thyme, 1 tsp salt, meat, and sausage

Put in loaf pan

Put baking pan under

Bake 350° 1 - 1 1/2 hr.

(casserole dish)

Hamburger Stretch 1 hr oven 350°F

1/2 lb elbow macaroni

1/2 lb bacon

2 green peppers, 2 onions

1 can tomato soup

2 lb ground beef

2 cans Arturo sauce, or 2 cans Arturo sauce

2 cans sliced mushrooms

salt, pepper, cheese

Cook macaroni elbow in large skillet
fry bacon - cut in pieces, remove fat
sauté chopped peppers & onions in
bacon fat

Add soup, sauce, mushrooms &
liquid seasonings

Simmer 15 minutes

Put macaroni into large casserole dish

~~Put stewed tomatoes in saucepan~~

~~Heat, Beat in~~ Bake 1 hour?